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National Lessons from the Life and Death of President Lincoln.

A SERMON

PREACHED IN

The United Presbyterian Church,

CANONSBURG, PA.

ON

FAST DAY, THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1865.

BY

REV. J. W. BAIN,

PASTOR.

PITTSBURGH:

PRINTED BY W. S. HAVEN, CORNER OF WOOD AND THIRD STREETS.

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"And all Judah and Jerusalem mourned for Josiah, &c."

2 Chronicles 35:24, 25.

With a very few exceptions, the Jewish nation had been afflicted with very corrupt rulers for many years preceding Josiah, and he succeeded a *very bad ruler*, but during the reign of good King Josiah a great reformation was effected in the nation, at least *outwardly*. In all these points there is an analogy between this good king and our lamented President. But death robs earth of the best it has, taking them from the wicked, unworthy present, or the evil to come; and wherever or whenever death comes, he speaks solemn lessons to the living. Whether he enters the hovel or the palace, whether he take the king or the peasant, the old man or the infant, his visitation should teach the living wisdom. But when he "comes up into our windows, and enters into our palaces," and cuts off, by the hand of foulest bloody assassination the Ruler of a great and troubled nation, there is different and more important instruction than his common visitation teaches. The death, the time and manner of the death of our beloved President, has some peculiar lessons for us. All Judah and Jerusalem, both church and state, mourned for good Josiah, and it was right—they suffered a great loss and a sore bereavement; so all, both in church and state, have good reason to mourn for Abraham Lincoln, for it was a great loss and a painful bereavement. But thoughtless grief is not sanctified, and bereavement that teaches nothing is unprofitable; then let us try to get good out of this sorrow. To this end, I ask your attention to some lessons which I think it plainly and impressively teaches.

First. The greatness and atrocity of the crime of treason and rebellion. Before this last woeful tragedy, we had many proofs of this.

We had seen the noblest youth of our land—that loving mothers had cradled, watched over and educated to manhood, the pride and strength of their country—given by hundreds of thousands to the rebel bayonet and the sword of treason; we knew that thousands of them had been starved into sickness, madness and death; we had seen every source of wealth and happiness troubled, the hard earned fruits of freemen's honest toil poured by millions daily into the bottomless pit of war, and bereaved weepers walking all over the land; yet the moral sense of the Nation did not seem to be aroused and purged to see the enormity of the crime. We seemed to regard it as an unfortunate difference of opinion, as quite a pardonable offense; inclined to take the red, treacherous hand, and restore to confidence the erring brother, with only a sharp rebuke. In our folly we were almost, if not quite ready "to make a mock at this sin." But the crime, just in the hour of defeat, arouses its dying energies, embodied in the persons of these assassins, and stabs the nation in the bodies of her Chief Magistrate and Prime Minister. This was not the result of individual hate or personal vengeance. In the fall of our beloved ruler we can exclaim, with Antony, "Oh what a fall was there, my countrymen! then you, and I, and all of us, fell down, and bloody treason flourished over us;" for the nation's life was supposed to be embodied there. Surely this should teach us that treason and rebellion is a heinous and a bloody *crime*, whether talked in the name of a *once* great political party, or acted in defense of a rebellious confederacy; whether uttered at the fireside or the forum, talked in the shop or the market, in the school or the church, it is an odious and flagrant *crime*, odious in the sight of God, and the greatest committed against civil government and humanity. It is this that has robed this nation in the habiliments of woe to-day. Oh that tears of grief may wash clean the moral vision of the land to see the crime in its magnitude.

Second. It should teach us the guilt and corrupting power of human slavery. We had also many proofs of this before. We had seen it gag John Quincy Adams, one of the noblest representatives of the people, while claiming for them the sacred right of petition; we had seen a most scholarly and eloquent senator struck down in debate, and beaten senseless by a slave-bred ruffian, and the whole slave-driving aristocracy applaud the deed; we had seen it in the

bowie-knives, blackguardism and brutality that disgraced the halls of national legislation; we saw it plunge a nation in a fratricidal war, and conduct it with the most relentless cruelty and barbarism —but we could not yet believe sincerely that this was the guilt and power that so debauched the souls of these rebellious people. It was reserved for this crowning act of infamy to set the seal of eternal reprobation on it as a fearful crime. The spirit of slavery became incarnate in the person of the assassins, and murdered our noble President. Slave-chivalry is responsible for the "deep damnation of his taking off." Surely this is enough to open our eyes to see that to educate a boy in tyranny and licentiousness, from his cradle to his manhood, can fit him only for treason and rebellion; that to rob and wrong a man, though he is black—to despoil and imbrute a woman, though she is yellow, will deprave any government. Nothing but such a polluting power as slavery could ever have debauched so deeply the souls of any people, that they would rebel against such a government as this and murder such a man. Let us execrate the very spirit of such a crime forever.

Third. It should teach us to execute lawful and righteous penalties upon him that doeth evil, and give security to the loyal and law abiding. Mercy is indeed a Divine attribute; and to exercise mercy, where sin is condemned, justice satisfied, and innocence secured, must be a delight to every noble heart: but a mawkish charity for the criminal does not belong to such an attribute; a sickly, sentimental pity for the condemned only shames this holy disposition. A few sharp pangs unwillingly endured, will not wash out the guilt of an atrocious crime. Fraternal regards for the transgressor, mild penance, will not give safety to the innocent, odium to sin, satisfaction to law, or honor to justice. Some talk as if there was no attribute noble but mercy, no feeling magnanimous but pity, and no act great and commendable but pardon: as if God had but one attribute, and that unqualified mercy; as if nothing had higher claims to regard than the criminal's entreaty. Do men forget that justice may be robbed, righteousness and obedience dishonored, and God displeased, by acts of unqualified mercy to transgressors? You know that I have reference in these remarks to Lee, Davis and Co. as criminals. Have they not been guilty of high treason and rebellion? most relentless, inhuman and bloody rebellion and treason?

I have already spoken of the atrocity of the crime, and I take it for granted that you admit it. What is the legal and righteous penalty for such crimes? Death! for the satisfaction of justice, for the condemnation of the sin, and the safety of society. What reason can be given, then, why death should not be inflicted upon the civil and military chiefs of the rebellion, and confiscation and disfranchisement executed upon every official of the Confederacy? Does not justice demand it? Most certainly. In after time, when it is asked, Why did that man perish on the gallows? history will answer, his crime was so atrocious that justice would permit nothing less. Does not the proper condemnation of the sin demand it? Yes! nothing less will sufficiently brand the crime. Does not the safety of society, the peace and happiness of humanity, the blessings and permanence of civil government, demand it? Let such unprincipled, crafty, powerful men, free to work upon an ignorant and excitable populace, and can we disband our armies with safety? Let men who have shown such fiendish cruelty, and practiced such atrocious barbarity, free on society? Rather let the wolf into your fold and the tiger into your pasture. Will government be safe from the plotting of treason and rebellion, if she has not courage to punish such criminals?

I would not excite one spark of vengeance in man; this is ignoble. I know to look on the graves of slaughtered sons; pens of torture, where brothers and fathers have died muttering idiots and raving madmen; to look on all the desolation and bitter bereavement of this war, it is hard to repress the feeling that revenge is not only sweet, but right. It is hard to say to the heart, "rejoice not in the agony of thine enemy;" but I entreat you repress such thoughts. I only desire to excite in you a love of justice, a love for the honor of God's law, a love for the peace and happiness of humanity and the blessings of civil government, that will induce you, calmly, dispassionately to demand the execution of righteous penalties upon such transgressors. But you may ask, are only the leaders guilty? Certainly not; every individual engaged in the rebellion, and many here in the North who never carried a rebel musket, are morally guilty, and should be made to feel that they live, not because innocent, but that they live by the clemency of their government and the forbearance of this noble, generous people. But I have heard it remarked, "this government is strong

enough to pardon like a God." We ask no more than this. God's pardon honors justice and condemns sin; God's pardon secures indemnity and safety to his government;—give us this and we ask no more. But the speaker did not mean this; he was of those who appeal to national vanity, and say, what a proud honor it would be for our country to show now a magnanimity that would astonish the world. National vanity is but little less dangerous than national vengeance. The honor of God and justice comes before national honor. The nation can find room for the exercise of great and safe magnanimity in pardoning a mass of rebels and traitors, male and female, that still remains, both South and North: and this is magnanimity enough.

If this crime is to have no expiation by death, if justice is to have no sacrifice from among the transgressors, then let the next Congress repeal the penal statutes, and blot the death penalty from the Book of God. Gen. 9: 6, Ezra 7: 26. If John Brown deserved death, why not Lee and Davis? If Booth merited a felon's doom, Lee and Davis are guiltier than he. He only struck at the life of the government in one individual: they, in the person of thousands. If the safety and peace of the *dear* South demanded the execution of John Brown, what does the safety and peace of the whole land demand for Lee, Davis, and others? If Henry A. Wise had shown John Brown all the mercy which humanity can claim, then what can humanity claim for Henry A. Wise and such as he, more justly than a halter? No government has the right to so far forget God's honor, the greatness of the sin, the claims of justice, and the safety of its people, as to run the peril of releasing such criminals. How would the generous man over whose grave you speak, thus be pleased with such teachings? The law of my office is this: "We dare not seek to please men, but God, who trieth our hearts."

None according to their ability would honor the great dead more than I, or loved him more sincerely, with all his faults. His great tenderness—if fault it was, it was a most lovely fault—has left behind a sweeter fragrance on his memory than the sweetest flowers can ever breathe upon his grave. His great, kind soul could not believe the murderous malignity and implacable hate of his country's foes; but you and I have a proof in addition that he never had, that is, his foul and bloody murder. We have seen that

they could slay Love and Mercy themselves, if the sword of Justice is sheathed; then let judgment in justice be done.

Fourth. His life and death shall teach us the duty and profitableness of prayer for rulers. The divine injunction requires this as a duty of Christians, and Mr. Lincoln's life is an encouragement to do it. He took a most affectionate leave of his neighbors at home, asking their prayers, confessing his great need of divine guidance, and his great, honest, candid, simple heart, that looks out through all his eventful career, forbids us to cherish the thought for one moment that this was merely a political bid for Christian favor. He meant what he said; and perhaps in the same length of time so many prayers were never offered for any ruler. This we believe enabled him to walk fearlessly and calmly amidst perils and perplexities, when he could see no path for his feet through the darkness that covered the snares and labyrinths of treason. He walked securely and safely for himself, and successfully for us, because a divine hand guided him; and he who cannot see this as he looks back upon his road, where the slightest deviation must have been ruinous to the nation, must be void of confidence in the divine truth and promise.

Now the same duty for Andrew Johnson will surely be profitable for us, and the unhappy conduct of his inauguration day only makes the duty more imperative for our safety as well as his. But I think many persons, including some ministers and religious editors, have been hasty and unjustly harsh in condemnation; they have denounced him as if he was a confessed inebriate, a confirmed sot. Is this *near* the truth? I have no apology to make for drunkenness; but we have a right to any evidence that will comfort us and encourage our confidence in our President, and that will do justice to his reputation. He passed through a campaign unparalleled for bitter vituperation, as a candidate for the Vice-Presidency, yet his most vigilant enemies never discovered that he was a drunkard. This I think strong presumptive evidence of his sobriety. Gen. Burnside says, when he was associated with him most intimately for weeks in the Department of the Ohio, he never knew him to touch intoxicating drinks. Hon. E. Etheridge, who knew him well in Tennessee, testifies the same. Every one knows that he was in feeble health when he reached Washington, and that he was advised to take the brandy as a stimulus to enable him to bear the fatigue of the

ceremonies of the day; and one who was present says, if he had been a drinker the amount taken then would not have affected him. When Mr. Lincoln spoke to him about the unhappy affair, his promise was that it should be the last of that kind, and we have never heard of its repetition. Instead of harsh, unchristian censures, tending to weaken public confidence in him, would it not be much better to gather confidence and comfort from these facts, and say, God help Andrew Johnson, then it shall be well with our land. Has not his loyalty and patriotism been tried and proved pure and strong? He braved the traitors in the senate chamber, and told in their ears their guilt and merited doom; left his home, property and all its endearments, rather than associate with traitors, and now God, by a mysterious providence, has placed him in power as his avenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil;" and let us pray that he may be made faithful in duty, only tempering judgment with weeping mercy when the tears will not tarnish the glittering sword of justice that he bears as the minister of God.

Fifth. We may learn the strength of a free government. When kings and despots are struck from their thrones, dismay, confusion and anarchy almost certainly follow, before the crown is placed and the sceptre acknowledged. But there wa snothing of this in our land; after the quiver of agony that ran through the whole frame had passed, the blood circulated healthfully, strength returned, and there was only the painful regret of a member lost, a wound unhealed. Why is this? Because the strength and life of our land is not in its hills and mountains, but in the vast solid plain on which they stand. The national hills may be shaken, and the mountains melted down, but the government is not overthrown, because it stands on the vast solid plain of the intelligent masses; it is founded on the loving, loyal hearts of its free subjects, and to slay it, the assassin's bullet must pierce every loyal brain and heart in the land.

Sixth. We should learn greater confidence in God. All through the gloomy night of sorrow he has seemed to hold our chief by the hand, and in the wildest and most perilous hours of the storm has said to us almost audibly, "Be of good cheer, it is I, be not afraid." Now he has taken the loved chief away, and says, "Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help. His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts decay. But in God's name display your banners."

Now, to the young men of my congregation, nay, I might say, to young and old, all who hear me, I wish to present a few traits of Abraham Lincoln's character that should be studied, wrought in your hearts and copied in your life. I need scarcely speak of his great tenderness, gentleness and kindness of soul, that balanced his strong sense of justice, and seemed to almost overbalance this attribute. The humblest sufferer received his sympathy; he mingled his tears with the poorest, in their bereavement. This is the mark of a truly great mind and heart; it is this that now sheds the sweetest odors around his memory; it is this that won for him such love in every true heart of this great land. Such was the integrity of his character, that those who had lived near him longest, and knew him best, sought to title him with a descriptive cognomen, and they called him "Honest Old Abraham." I know it has been uttered many a time with a sneer, as a nickname, but it was a title of endearment, a name of affection and confidence, that, alas! so few deserve; a title that would honor any crowned head on earth. It was given to him by men who wept for joy when he was first nominated for President, because they loved him for his simplicity, candor, and lofty, pure integrity of character, and they rejoiced to see their country's highest honors placed upon him, and her glory and welfare placed in his hands, for they felt they would be safe by virtue of his purity of soul. Young man! if you would learn the path of usefulness, honor and greatness, study and copy his life who wore this homely but honorable title to his grave—his life that was so pre-eminent for spotless integrity of heart and purpose. Nothing will lift you surer, safer, higher on earth, than this purity of honor.

Again, study his decision of character. He has proved by severe trial, that in favor of anything right, whether popular or not, he could say Yes; and against anything wrong, though sanctioned by custom grown hoary with age, and consecrated by sacerdotal rites, he could firmly say No! Oh, that we had more men with decision enough to use these little monosyllables appropriately and timely. Who, when asked by a professed friend to help the purposes of fraud and meanness, could emphatically say No! Who, when asked to drink at the bar, could say No! Not timidly or offensively, but firmly. Who, when enticed by the saloon and halls of guilty pleasure, could still say No! But when asked to

espouse the cause of the poor, of right, purity and liberty, could as firmly and cheerfully say Yes! Lincoln was decided, not obstinate; firm, but not dogmatic; unyielding in his convictions of right and duty, yet pleasant in refusal, and generous in his regard for the opinion of others who differed with him. This trait of his character, that gave him stability of purpose and action, is worthy of study and imitation.

Again, he was an example in temperance. He was temperate from principle, and ever acted consistently with the principle, proving his sincere convictions by his practice. I will relate an anecdote told to me by a senator who was present at the time, that illustrates both his decision of character and his conscientious temperance. He was present at the great Sanitary Fair at Philadelphia; a sumptuous collation was spread, and all the celebrated and honored persons present were around the table. The President was offered a bottle of champagne, and asked to perform the ceremony of opening the Fair by drinking a toast; he consented to undertake any appropriate ceremonies to open the Fair, but firmly refused the wine. The same day a venerable Episcopalian clergyman, the oldest minister in the city, much respected and honored, but who had always been taught to regard a drink of wine at any time as his right and privilege, asked his Excellency to do him the honor to drink a glass of wine with him. Yet he politely but firmly refused. His veneration for the man, his desire to give pleasure, would not induce him to swerve from a principle and practice which he believed valuable to himself, his country, and the world. Many would doubtless have plead that the circumstances would justify compliance, but he seemed to judge that no circumstances would justify a man, especially a ruler, in violating a conscientious conviction and a valuable principle, and setting an example that thousands might afterward plead to their ruin; so he refused decisively. Young man! act with such decision and principle, and it may save you from sore and vain regret, preserve for you a priceless self-respect, and give you stability and greatness of character.

Men were astonished at his calmness and hopefulness in the darkest hour of his country's night. When despondency bent almost every head, and gloom shadowed almost every brow, eminent divines—eminent for learning and piety—thought to carry him

comfort and strength, but left his presence, their weak confidence rebuked by his peacefulness of mind and cheerful hope of heart. Would you like to know the secret of this? It was his unshaken faith in God and right. When the bloody struggle was fiercest and most hopeless, the conviction, "This is right, and God reigns," anchored his soul safe and immovable as upon a mountain rock, and lifted it into the light of hope and sweet serenity, amid the most appalling fury of the storm; he might have adopted the favorite emblem of William, Prince of Orange, "tranquil amid raging billows." Young man! espouse the cause of right, then fix this truth deeply in your soul: righteousness will triumph through the power and justice of God. Link this by the strongest convictions to your very inmost heart, then you can either labor or wait fearlessly, calmly, hopefully, amid the darkest day and the most appalling dangers, for the sun shall not so surely rise as the light of your triumph.

But I need make no effort to pronounce a worthy eulogy upon this great man. Abler pens than mine must write it, and more eloquent tongues than mine must tell the worth, patriotism and greatness of our late President. It has ever been the fate of goodness and greatness in this world to be hated, envied and slandered; but perhaps no one was ever more unjustly and bitterly reviled and traduced than he. When he was laboring and agonizing night and day to save his country's life, honor and liberty, many who claimed to be his countrymen, and to be loyal to its life and flag, linked his name with the most abusive epithets, and poured the foulest calumnies upon his character. Buffoon, fool, traitor, tyrant, murderer, were the choice titles applied to him by these base, unworthy Americans; and their infamous pens were employed to write fiendish bids for an assassin to take his life. What insulting hypocrisy for such men to black-lead their editorial lines and hang crape about their doors for him! And many in England, who fawn about a crowned head and flatter a polluted nobility, sought to ridicule and defame his simple greatness and purity. They sneered at his manners, as if greatness could be tested by graceful bows; they talked of his ugliness, as if beauty was essential to virtue; they made merriment over his figure and postures, as if genius could be embodied only in symmetry; they were witty over his dress, as if worth always walked in the elegant costume of Brum-

mell; they affected a pious indignation over his jokes, as if jesting was the filthiest sin. They who scarcely knew what love of country meant, presumed to criticise a patriot; they sneered at a freeman, who were the menials of a petty lord; they ridiculed a hero, who had never felt a pulsation of true heroism. No ambitious aspirations impelled him to struggle for place and power: he set an humble estimate on his own abilities; he did not climb, he was lifted up, because such power, worth and excellence as he possessed could not be hidden. A great light may be kindled in a valley, but the mountain tops will catch its brightness. He did not seek the place of leader; others fell behind him, tacitly confessing his fitness to lead. He did not court fame, but fame wooed him. He did not reach for the sceptre, but found it placed in his hand, and felt a ruling spirit grow strong within him while he held it. He never struggled for sovereignty, but accepted it, because he was a nation's choice; and when in the sovereign's place, he ruled not with the haughty supremacy of kings, but as a minister, humbly acknowledging himself only "a higher power" to serve the Highest. He was not a dictator, because he was too humble to be absolute. He was not a tyrant, although few ever possessed greater power, or might have been more easily a despot; but he was too just to tyrannize. He was not an oppressor, because he was too generous and noble to add a needless ounce to a burden. Though provoked by the most scurrilous abuse and ribaldry from enemies who were within his power, yet no feeling of resentment or revenge, either in word or act, escaped him, because he was too kind for bitterness, and too great to be abusive. Even when urged by loyal thousands, and censured for refusal to retaliate on a barbarous and fiendish foe, his great tenderness and mercy held him back, and he stood like an averting angel between them and an injured nation's vengeance. He offended political friends, because he was too honest for state-craft, or the tortuous course of a partisan policy. Kings have been put into a measure of greatness so large, that they left it more than half empty; but Abraham Lincoln filled every standard of greatness by which he was tried, and placed in the largest the world contained, the magistracy of a great nation, in the midst of a bitter, bloody, civil strife, with armed millions in the field of battle, he yet filled the measure in rounding beauty, and saved his country.

In every position he has occupied, from his humble work of a pioneer farmer to the last and the highest, he has served with faithfulness, usefulness and honor. By a native greatness of soul, a natural grandeur of character, he lifted himself from the first position to the last, from the untutored farmer and surveyor to the Presidency of the mightiest Republic on earth, and there ruled with a wisdom, dignity, calmness and success, that astonished the world. He was firm, without obstinacy or bigotry; slow to reach conclusions, but when once attained they were held with unyieding tenacity, because in the deep conviction of his soul they were believed to be right. He was a fervent lover of liberty and justice, and a hater of slavery and rebellion; yet neither a fanatic or an enthusiast. Believing that he was entrusted with power for the good of humanity, and believing in the virtue and beneficence of a republican government, he executed the stern mandates of justice only at the behest of freedom, human happiness and his country's safety. He seemed to decide, by moral intuition, questions of judgemnt, and to adopt his measures from pure considerations of right, not from policy or expediency. By a moral force of heart, a grandeur of character, more powerful than brilliant talents, great attainments or genius, he carried his country through the most imminent peril, through a storm wilder and stronger than has foundered many a noble ship, and he ruled in its wildest fury with a calmness, fearlessness, justice, magnanimity and mercy, that even his blinded enemies began to admire. He was wise without the learning of the schools, and educated without a master; he was not eloquent, yet orators listened with delight to his words; he was not schooled, yet the most princely scholars of the land were instructed by him; he was not a religionist, yet the most learned divines left his presence astonished at his humble but strong faith. If he was ungraceful in manners, without the polish of art and posture-masters, and ignorant of the etiquette and conventionalities of courts, yet he could receive embassadors with an ease and genial dignity that was charming. He had a devotion to freedom that William of Orange did not excel, and an intelligent, pure patriotism that made him a peer with the great Washington.

An English writer says, "he is one of the finest characters, best citizens and purest patriots, to whom the land of Washington has given birth." He was truly great in the best and widest sense of

that much abused word. Whether a laborer in the western woods or a boatman on the river, he was morally and intellectually great. As a lawyer, a debater and legislator, he was great; Crittenden's testimony is, "I never heard a more logical debater or finer gentleman than he." The testimony of an other who knew him well is, "God never made a truer man; mild, candid, gentle, noble, without a base design or anything that degrades." This is moral grandeur. As a ruler, his greatness was tried by the most Herculean task, yet he performed it with a giant's strength, a saint's faithfulness, and a woman's tenderness. As the historian says of the Prince of Orange," he bore the load of a people's sorrows on his shoulders with cheerfulness," served them with unselfish devotion in the darkest calamities, "was the guiding-star of a brave nation while he lived, and when he was slain, little children cried in the streets," for a manlier, gentler spirit never left human body through the bloody breach of violence. But now he is gathered to his grave,

> "With patriarchs of the infant world, with kings,
> The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good,
> Learned sages and hoary seers of ages past;"

a fit companion for the wisest, the greatest and the best, for he was a sovereign that needed no golden crown to show his royalty. God had set jewels in his heart that shined upon his brow. The great dome of the Capitol was hung with crape that morning; methinks if it could have stretched upward its gigantic form and hung the symbol of mourning on the sky, the whole earth seeing it might say, Weep, all people of every land, for a nation is not only orphaned, but the world is bereaved. They shrouded him for burial while literally millions wept the bitterest tears of rage and grief; "never was a more extensive, unaffected, legitimate sorrow felt at the death of any human being." From State to State his body

> "Was grandly borne, with such a train
> As greatest kings might die to gain."

He was laid in no royal sepulchre, beneath no massive, gloomy dome, but in

> "The churchyard where his children rest,
> The quiet spot that suits him best,
> There shall his grave be made,
> And there his bones be laid.

"And there his countrymen shall come,
With memory proud, with pity dumb;
And strangers, far and near,
For many and many a year,"

shall come to kindle anew and purify their love of country at the patriot urn of our martyred saviour. He died in a fullness and glory of fame that historic ages will only increase in purity and grandeur. His own great deeds, his pure, noble life, is a more imperishable and worthy monument than the hand of man can ever build above his grave; and his name and fame would be riches to any nation on earth.

Millions of broken fetters lie about his tomb, and millions of slaves made free will cherish his memory with undying affection, and will leave his name to their children as a legacy, and bid them wear it in their hearts as a talisman against oppression. And millions whose freedom has been preserved in this land will link his name in history and song with all the glory and happiness of their country, and hand it down to their children as the watchword of Liberty "for many a year and many an age."

Oh if his death will only teach this nation to love right and hate wrong, to punish him that doeth evil and protect him that doeth well, "the effect of righteousness shall be peace, quietness and assurance forever, and we shall dwell in a peaceful habitation and sure dwelling-places."

Hon Edward Miller Pierce
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